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THE JOY OF GRIEF.

'I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.'

—In Memoriam.

We have all heard of the 'pleasures of melancholy' and the 'joy of grief,' and most of us know from experience that there is something soothing and even captivating in the indulgence of thoughts that link the living with the dead. Numberless poets have taken advantage of this common sentiment, and yet it never grows old. Tennyson gives it forth as freshly and confidently as if the elder bards had never sung; and his audience listen as admiringly as if they had now heard it for the first time. The reason is, that it is original in us all. It can no more become antiquated than a popular ballad or a national air. With great poets it is both a taste and an instinct, and the perpetual endurance of mental agony is merely an affectation of the young, or an extravagance of minds of small calibre.

Homer gives himself up to grief as a true indulgence: he would not abate you a sigh or a tear in the enjoyment of the memory of the loved and lost; and in the 'Odyssey' he even seems to complain of the influence of habit in introducing satiety into that, just as it does into all other mundane pleasures. Shakspeare consoles himself in sorrow with the knowledge that in future years it will turn into joy; and that

— All these woes will serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.'

Gray, in like manner, makes the one passion borrow from the other, till nothing is left of grief but its poetical hue: for

'Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace.'

Burns's 'Address to Mary in Heaven' was composed, as it is read, with a solemn and impassioned delight; and a host of other poets, as well as the author of 'In Memoriam,' look upon the memory of the dead as something more sweet and joyous than anything life can bestow. Thus Byron—

'Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!'

Even when the lost mistress still lives, the feeling is the same, for in the words of Burns—

'Although thou maun ne'er be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside.'

The former poet, with less true feeling, places his consolation in the idea that the heart he had lost was once his own—

'Yes, my adored, but most unkind!
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.

Yes; 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my soul repine—
Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.'

To descend to Moore, whose lyrical passion is only an affectation, and as incapable of real grief as of refined joy—

'Ah! that I could at once forget
All—all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl! and yet
To die were sweeter than to let
The loved remembrance go!

No: if this alighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh let it die remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!'

Some writers reverse the association of pleasure and sorrow, and invest with a character of sadness a natural and obvious enjoyment. Of their number is White, the natural historian of Selborne, a cheerful and amiable observer, who yet receives from the aspect of nature impressions allied to sadness—

'These, nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy;
As fancy warms, a pleasant kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein.'

This peculiarity may be traced, no doubt, to the temperament of the individual; for some true poets give an aspect of joyousness even to the dying year, which impresses so many others with emotions of unmingled melancholy. The following beautiful piece by a German writer is perhaps *sui generis*:—

'Like a spirit glorified,
The angel of the year departs; lays down
His robes once green in spring,
Or bright with summer's blue;
And having done his mission on the earth—
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
Orchards with rosy fruit,
And scattering flowers around—
He lingers for a moment in the west,
With the declining sun—sheds over all
A pleasant farewell smile—
And so returns to God.'

In a kindred, though less cheerful spirit, Shakspeare, in one of his divine sonnets, arrays old age with the

phenomena of nature, and thus links it more strongly to the human affections—

'That time of year thou mayest in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all the rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of its youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.'

The connection between the agreeable and the melancholy may be farther illustrated by the impressions conveyed by two of the best and simplest of Wordsworth's pieces. In the little poem, 'Stepping Westward,' the poet is saluted in these words, in the interrogatory form, while walking one evening by the banks of Loch Katrine. It is a female voice that speaks, a soft and gentle one, and the picture before him seems to melt away in the golden west. The passing salutation is kind, simple, and cheerful—nothing more. What is it, then, that makes us start and thrill?—what fills our eyes with a sudden softness as they follow on one side the vague yet luminous path indicated, and on the other the retreating and soon vanishing figure of the Highland maid?

The other little poem relates still to a 'solitary Highland lass,' who, as she reaps, is singing to herself a melancholy strain—

'Oh listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunts
Among Arabian sands.
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the furthest Orades.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sung
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listened—motionless and still;
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.'

In these two poems the simple, cheerful salutation and the wild sad song have both the same effect: they plunge us in a pleasing melancholy; we carry them away with us in our hearts; and in those pauses of the world when we have time to listen, we hear their echoes welling up in our hearts, and perhaps filling our eyes.

The 'silver lining of the cloud,' however, the close connection between joy and sorrow, the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition with which we set out, that

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.'

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one which suggested itself to the poet. He

knew by experience the Ossianic 'joy of grief,' and was aware that

'In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind,'

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shaded and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualised by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all. But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is 'a mingled yarn;' and therefore it must take its character from the predominant colour. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for three-score-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change; but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would at first be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favour of this individual—although the golden threads predominate in his 'mingled yarn'—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, 'He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book.' Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and colour to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and

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wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness, and duration. Thus the proposition in question—that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point with a strange, deep, loving, yearning smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:—

— Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonised, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.

L. R.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

BIGAMY OR NO BIGAMY?

THE firm of Flint and Sharp enjoyed, whether deservedly or not, when I was connected with it, as it still does, a high reputation for keen practice and shrewd business-management. This kind of professional fame is usually far more profitable than the drum-and-trumpet variety of the same article; or at least we found it so; and often, from blush of morn to far later than dewy eve—which natural phenomena, by the way, were only emblematically observed by me during thirty busy years in the extinguishment of the street lamps at dawn, and their reillumination at dusk—did I and my partner incessantly pursue our golden avocations; deferring what are usually esteemed the pleasures of life—its banquets, music, flowers, and lettered ease—till the toil, and heat, and hurry of the day were past, and a calm, luminous evening, unclouded by care or anxiety, had arrived. This conduct may or may not have been wise; but at all events it daily increased the connection and transactions of the firm, and ultimately anchored us both very comfortably in the three per cents; and this too, I am bold to say, not without our having effected some good in our generation. This boast of mine the following passage in the life of a distinguished client—known, I am quite sure, by reputation to most of the readers of this Journal, whom our character for practical sagacity and professional shrewdness brought us—will, I think, be admitted to in some degree substantiate.

Our connection was a mercantile rather than an aristocratic one, and my surprise was therefore considerable, when, on looking through the office-blinds to ascertain what vehicle it was that had driven so rapidly up to the door, I observed a handsomely-appointed carriage with a coronet emblazoned on the panels, out of which a tall footman was handing a lady attired in deep but elegant mourning, and closely veiled. I instantly withdrew to my private room, and desired that the lady should be immediately admitted. Greatly was my surprise increased when the graceful and still youthful visitor withdrew her veil, and disclosed the features of the Countess of Seyton, upon whose mild, luminous beauty, as rendered by the engraving from

Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, I had so frequently gazed with admiration. That rare and touching beauty was clouded now; and an intense expression of anxiety, fear—almost terror—gleamed from out the troubled depths of her fine dark eyes.

'The Countess of Seyton!' I half-involuntarily exclaimed, as with my very best bow I handed her ladyship a chair.

'Yes; and you are a partner of this celebrated firm, are you not?'

I bowed again still more profoundly to this compliment, and modestly admitted that I was the Sharp of the firm her ladyship was pleased to entitle 'celebrated.'

'Then, Mr Sharp, I have to consult you professionally upon a matter of the utmost—the most vital importance to me and mine.' Her ladyship then, with some confusion of manner, as if she did not know whether what she was doing was in accordance with strict etiquette or not, placed a Bank of England note, by way of retainer, before me. I put it back, explaining what the usage really was, and the countess replaced it in her purse.

'We shall be proud to render your ladyship any assistance in our power,' I said; 'but I understood the Messrs Jackson enjoyed the confidence of the house of Seyton?'

'Precisely. They are, so to speak, the hereditary solicitors of the family more than of any individual member of it; and therefore, though highly respectable persons, unfit to advise me in this particular matter. Besides,' she added with increasing tremor and hesitation, 'to deal with, and if possible foil, the individual by whom I am persecuted, requires an agent of keener sagacity than either of those gentlemen can boast of; sharper, more resolute men; more—you understand what I mean?'

'Perfectly, madam; and allow me to suggest that it is probable our interview may be a somewhat prolonged one: your ladyship's carriage, which may attract attention, should be at once dismissed. The office of the family solicitors is, you are aware, not far off; and as we could not explain to them the reason which induces your ladyship to honour us with your confidence, it will be as well to avoid any chance of inquiry.'

Lady Seyton acquiesced in my suggestion: the carriage was ordered home, and Mr Flint entering just at the time, we both listened with earnestness and anxiety to her communication. It is needless to repeat verbatim the somewhat prolix, exclamative narration of the countess: the essential facts were as follows:—

The Countess of Seyton, previous to her first marriage, was Miss Clara Hayley, second daughter of the Reverend John Hayley, the rector of a parish in Devonshire. She married, when only nineteen years of age, a Captain Gosford. Her husband was ten years older than herself, and, as she discovered after marriage, was cursed with a morose and churlish temper and disposition. Previous to her acquaintance with Gosford, she had been intimate with, almost betrothed to, Mr Arthur Kingston, a young gentleman connected with the peerage, and at that time heir-apparent to the great expectancies and actual poverty of his father, Sir Arthur Kingston. The haughty baronet, the instant he was made aware of the nature of his son's intimacy with the rector's daughter, packed the young man off to the continent on his travels. The Reverend John Hayley and his beautiful Clara were as proud as the baronet, and extremely indignant that it should be thought either of them wished to entrap or delude Arthur Kingston into an unequal or ineligible marriage. This feeling of pride and resentment aided the success of Mr Gosford's suit, and Clara Hayley, like many other rash, high-noted young ladies, doomed herself to misery, in order to show the world, and Mr Arthur Kingston and his proud father especially, that she had a spirit. The union was

a most unhappy one. One child only, which died in its infancy, was born to them; and after being united somewhat more than two years, a separation, vehemently insisted on by the wife's father, took place, and the unhappily-wedded daughter returned to her parent's roof. Mr Gosford—he had some time before sold out of the army—travelled about the country in search of amusement, and latterly of health (for his unhappy cankerous temper at last affected and broke down his never very robust physical constitution), accompanied for the twelvemonth preceding his death by a young man belonging to the medical profession, of the name of Chilton. Mr and Mrs Gosford had been separated a few days less than three years, when the husband died, at the village of Swords in Ireland, and not far distant from Dublin. The intelligence was first conveyed to the widow by a paragraph in the 'Freeman's Journal,' a Dublin newspaper; and by the following post a letter arrived from Mr Chilton, enclosing a ring which the deceased had requested should be sent to his wife, and a note, dictated just previous to his death-hour, in which he expressed regret for the past, and admitted that he alone had been to blame for the unhappy separation. A copy of his will, made nearly a twelvemonth previously, was also forwarded, by which he bequeathed his property, amounting to about three hundred pounds per annum, to a distant relative then residing in New Holland. By a memorandum of a subsequent date, Mr Chilton was to have all the money and other personals he might die in actual possession of, after defraying the necessary funeral expenses. This will, Mr Chilton stated, the deceased gentleman had expressed a wish in his last moments to alter, but death had been too sudden for him to be able to give effect to that good, but too long delayed intention.

It cannot be supposed that the long-before practically widowed wife grieved much at the final breaking of the chain which bound her to so ungenial a mate; but as Lady Seyton was entirely silent upon the subject, our supposition can only rest upon the fact, that Arthur Kington—who had some time previously, in consequence of the death of the Earl of Seyton and his only son, an always weakly child, preceded a few months by that of his own father, the baronet, succeeded to the earldom and estates—hastened home, on seeing the announcement of Gosford's death in the Dublin paper, from the continent, where he had continued to reside since his compelled departure six years before; and soon afterwards found his way into Devonshire, and so successfully pressed the renewed offer of his hand, that the wedding took place slightly within six months after the decease of Mr Gosford. Life passed brilliantly and happily with the earl and countess—to whom three children (a boy and two girls) were born—till about five months previous to the present time, when the earl, from being caught, when out riding, in a drenching shower of rain, was attacked by fever, and after an acute illness of only two or three days' duration, expired. The present earl was at the time just turned of five years of age.

This blow, we comprehended from the sudden tears which filled the beautiful eyes of the countess as she spoke of the earl's decease, was a severe one. Still, the grief of widowhood must have been greatly assuaged by love for her children, and not inconsiderably, after a while, we may be sure, by the brilliant position in which she was left—as, in addition to being splendidly jointured, she was appointed by her husband's will sole guardian of the young lord her son.

A terrible reverse awaited her. She was sitting with her father the rector, and her still unmarried sister, Jane Hayley, in the drawing-room of Seyton House, when a note was brought to her, signed Edward Chilton, the writer of which demanded an immediate and private interview, on, he alleged, the most important business. Lady Seyton remembered the name, and immediately

acceded to the man's request. He announced in a brusque, insolent tone and manner, that Mr Gosford had not died at the time his death was announced to her, having then only fallen into a state of syncope, from which he had unexpectedly recovered, and had lived six months longer. 'The truth is,' added Chilton, 'that, chancing the other day to be looking over a "peerage," I noticed for the first time the date of your marriage with the late Earl of Seyton, and I have now to inform you that it took place precisely eight days previous to Mr Gosford's death; that it was consequently no marriage at all; and that your son is no more Earl of Seyton than I am.'

This dreadful announcement, as one might expect, completely overcame the countess. She fainted, but not till she had heard and comprehended Chilton's hurried injunctions to secrecy and silence. He rang the bell for assistance, and then left the house. The mental agony of Lady Seyton on recovering consciousness was terrible, and she with great difficulty succeeded in concealing its cause from her anxious and wondering relatives. Another interview with Chilton appeared to confirm the truth of his story beyond doubt or question. He produced a formally-drawn-up document, signed by one Pierce Cunningham, gravedigger of Swords, which set forth that Charles Gosford was buried on the 26th of June 1832, and that the inscription on his tombstone set forth that he had died June 23d of that year. Also a written avowal of Patrick Mullins of Dublin, that he had lettered the stone at the head of the grave of Charles Gosford in Swords burying-ground in 1832, and that its date was, as stated by Pierce Cunningham, June 23, 1832.

'Have you copies of those documents?' asked Mr Flint.

'Yes: I have brought them with me,' the countess replied, and handed them to Mr Flint. 'In my terror and extremity,' continued her ladyship, 'and unguided by counsel—for till now I have not dared to speak upon the subject to any person—I have given this Chilton, at various times, large sums of money: but he is insatiable; and only yesterday—I cannot repeat his audacious proposal: you will find it in this note.'

'Marriage!' exclaimed Mr Flint with a burst. He had read the note over my shoulder. 'The scoundrel!'

My worthy partner was rather excited. The truth was, he had a Clara of his own at home—a dead sister's child, very pretty, just about marriageable, and a good deal resembling, as he told me afterwards, our new and interesting client.

'I would die a thousand deaths rather,' resumed Lady Seyton in a low, tremulous voice, as she let fall her veil. 'Can there,' she added in a still fainter voice, 'be anything done—anything?'

'That depends entirely,' interrupted Mr Flint, 'upon whether this fine story is or is not a fabrication, got up for the purpose of extorting money. It seems to me, I must say, amazingly like one.'

'Do you really think so?' exclaimed the lady with joyful vehemence. The notion that Chilton was perhaps imposing on her credulity and fears seemed not to have struck her before.

'What do you think, Sharp?' said my partner.

I hesitated to give an opinion, as I did not share in the hope entertained by Flint. Detection was so certain, that I doubted if so cunning a person as Chilton appeared to be would have ventured on a fraud so severely punishable. 'Suppose,' I said, avoiding an answer, 'as this note appoints an interview at three o'clock to-day at Seyton House, we meet him there instead of your ladyship? A little talk with the fellow might be serviceable.'

Lady Seyton eagerly agreed to this proposal; and it was arranged that we should be at Seyton House half an hour before the appointed time, in readiness for the gentleman. Lady Seyton left in a hackney-coach,

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somewhat relieved, I thought, by having confided the oppressive secret to us, and with a nascent hope slightly flushing her pale, dejected countenance.

The firm of Flint and Sharp had then a long conference together, during which the lady's statement and Mr Chilton's documents were, the reader may be sure, very minutely conned over, analysed, and commented upon. Finally, it was resolved that if the approaching interview, the manner of which we agreed upon, did not prove satisfactory, Mr Flint should immediately proceed to Ireland, and personally ascertain the truth or falsehood of the facts alleged by Chilton.

'Mr Chilton is announced,' said Lady Seyton, hurriedly entering the library in Grosvenor Square, where Mr Flint and myself were seated. 'I need not be present, I think you said?' she added in great tremor.

'Certainly not, madam,' I replied. 'We shall do better alone.'

She retired instantly. Flint rose and stationed himself close by the door. Presently a sounding, confident step was heard along the passage, the library door swung back on its noiseless hinges, and in stalked a man of apparently about thirty-five years of age, tall, genteel, and soldier-looking. He started back on seeing me, recognising, I perceived, my vocation at a glance.

'How is this?' he exclaimed. 'I expected'—

'The Countess of Seyton. True; but her ladyship has deputed me to confer with you on the business mentioned in your note.'

'I shall have nothing to say to you,' he replied abruptly, and turned to leave the room. Mr Flint had shut, and was standing with his back to the door.

'You can't go,' he said in his coolest manner. 'The police are within call.'

'The police! What the devil do you mean?' cried Chilton angrily; but, spite of his assurance, visibly trembling beneath Flint's searching, half-smiling look.

'Nothing very remarkable,' replied that gentleman, 'or unusual in our profession. Come, sit down; we are lawyers; you are a man of business, we know. I dare say we shall soon understand each other.'

Mr Chilton sat down, and moodily awaited what was next to come.

'You are aware,' said Mr Flint, 'that you have rendered yourself liable to transportation?'

'What!' exclaimed Chilton, flashing crimson, and starting to his feet. 'What!'

'To transportation,' continued my imperturbable partner, 'for seven, ten, fourteen years, or for life, at the discretion of the judge; but considering the frequency of the crime of late, I should say there is a strong probability that you will be a *lifer*!'

'What devil's gibberish is this?' exclaimed Chilton, frightened, but still fierce. 'I can prove everything I have said. Mr Gosford, I tell you'—

'Well, well,' interrupted Mr Flint; 'put it in that light how you please; turn it which way you will; it's like the key in Blue Beard, which I daresay you have read of; rub it out on one side, and up it comes on the other. Say, by way of argument, that you have not obtained money by unfounded threats—a crime which the law holds tantamount to highway robbery. You have in that case obtained money for compromising a felony—that of polygamy. An awful position, my good sir, choose which you will.'

Utterly chofallen was the lately triumphant man; but he speedily rallied.

'I care not,' he at length said. 'Punish me you may; but the pride of this sham countess and the sham earl will be brought low. And I tell you once for all,' he added, rising at the same time, and speaking in ringing, wrathful tones, 'that I defy you, and will either be handsomely remunerated for silence, or I will at once inform the Honourable James Kingston that he is the true Earl of Seyton.'

'And I tell you,' retorted Flint, 'that if you attempt to leave this room, I will give you into custody at once, and transport you, whatever may be the consequence to others. Come, come, let us have no more nonsense or bluster. We have strong reasons for believing that the story by which you have been extorting money is a fabrication. If it be so, rely upon it we shall detect and punish you. Your only safe course is to make a clean breast of it whilst there is yet time. Out with it, man, at once, and you shall go Scot-free; nay, have a few score pounds more—say a hundred. Be wise in time, I counsel you.'

Chilton hesitated; his white lips quivered. There was something to reveal.

'I cannot,' he muttered, after a considerable pause. 'There is nothing to disclose.'

'You will not! Then your fate be on your own head. I have done with you.'

It was now my turn. 'Come, come,' I said, 'it is useless urging this man further. How much do you expect? The insolent proposal contained in your note is, you well know, out of the question. How much money do you expect for keeping this wretched affair secret? State your terms at once.'

'A thousand per annum,' was the reply, 'and the first year down.'

'Modest, upon my word! But I suppose we must comply.' I wrote out an agreement. 'Will you sign this?'

He ran it over. 'Yes; Lady Seyton, as she calls herself, will take care it never sees the light.'

I withdrew, and in two or three minutes returned with a cheque. 'Her ladyship has no present cash at the banker's,' I said, 'and is obliged to post-date this cheque twelve days.'

The rascal grumbled a good deal; but as there was no help for it, he took the security, signed the agreement, and walked off.

'A sweet nut that for the devil to crack,' observed Mr Flint, looking savagely after him. 'I am in hopes we shall trounce him yet, bravely as he carries it. The cheque of course is not payable to order or bearer?'

'Certainly not; and before twelve days are past, you will have returned from Ireland. The agreement may be, I thought, of use with Cunningham or Mullins. If they have been conspiring together, they will scarcely admire the light in which you can place the arrangement, as affording proof that he means to keep the lion's share of the reward to himself.'

'Exactly. At all events we shall get at the truth, whatever it be.'

The same evening Mr Flint started for Dublin *via* Holyhead.

I received in due course a letter from him dated the day after his arrival there. It was anything but a satisfactory one. The date on the grave-stone had been truly represented, and Mullins who erected it was a highly respectable man. Flint had also seen the grave-digger, but could make nothing out of him. There was no regular register of deaths kept in Swords except that belonging to Cunningham; and the minister who buried Gosford, and who lived at that time in Dublin, had been dead some time. This was disheartening and melancholy enough; and, as if to give our unfortunate client the *coup-de-grace*, Mr Jackson junior marched into the office just after I had read it, to say that, having been referred by Lady Seyton to us for explanations with respect to a statement made by a Mr Edward Chilton to the Honourable James Kingston, for whom they, the Messrs Jackson, were now acting, by which it appeared that the said Honourable James Kingston was, in fact, the true Earl of Seyton, he, Mr Jackson junior, would be happy to hear what I had to say upon the subject! It needed but this. Chilton had, as I feared he would, after finding we had been

consulted, sold his secret, doubtless advantageously, to the heir-at-law. There was still, however, a chance that something favourable might turn up, and as I had no notion of throwing that chance away, I carelessly replied that we had reason to believe Chilton's story was a malicious fabrication, and that we should of course throw on them the onus of judicial proof that Gosford was still alive when the late earl's marriage was solemnised. Finally, however, to please Mr Jackson, who professed to be very anxious, for the lady's sake, to avoid unnecessary éclat, and to arrange the affair as quietly as possible, I agreed to meet him at Lady Seyton's in four days from that time, and hear the evidence upon which he relied. This could not at all events render our position worse; and it was meanwhile agreed that the matter should be kept as far as possible profoundly secret.

Three days passed without any further tidings from Mr Flint, and I vehemently feared that his journey had proved a fruitless one, when, on the evening previous to the day appointed for the conference at Seyton House, a hackney coach drove rapidly up to the office door, and out popped Mr Flint, followed by two strangers, whom he very watchfully escorted into the house. 'Mr Patrick Mullins and Mr Pierce Cunningham,' said Flint as he shook hands with me in a way which, in conjunction with the merry sparkle of his eyes, and the boisterous tone of his voice, assured me all was right. 'Mr Pierce Cunningham will sleep here to-night,' he added; 'so Collins had better engage a bed out.'

Cunningham, an ill-looking lout of a fellow, muttered that he chose 'to sleep at a tavern.'

'Not if I know it, my fine fellow,' rejoined Mr Flint. 'You mean well, I daresay; but I cannot lose sight of you for all that. You either sleep here or at a station-house.'

The man stared with surprise and alarm; but knowing refusal or resistance to be hopeless, sullenly assented to the arrangement, and withdrew to the room appointed for him, vigilantly guarded. For Mr Mullins we engaged a bed at a neighbouring tavern.

Mr Flint's mission had been skilfully and successfully accomplished. He was convinced, by the sullen confusion of manner manifested by Cunningham, that some villainous agency had been at work, and he again waited on Mullins the stone-cutter. 'Who gave you the order for the grave-stone?' he asked. Mr Mullins referred to his book, and answered that he received it by letter. 'Had he got that letter?' 'Very likely,' he replied, 'as he seldom destroyed business papers of any kind.' 'A search was instituted, and finally this letter,' said Mr Flint, 'worth an earl's coronet, torn and dirty as it is, turned up.' This invaluable document, which bore the London post-date of June 23, 1832, ran as follows:—

'ANGREBBE HOTEL, HAYMARKET, LONDON, June 23, 1832.'

'Sir—Please to erect a plain tombstone at the head of Charles Gosford, Esquire's grave, who died a few months since at Swords, aged thirty-two years. This is all that need be inscribed upon it. You are referred to Mr Guinness of Sackville Street, Dublin, for payment. Your obedient servant,

EDWARD CHILTON.'

'You see,' continued Flint, 'the fellow had inadvertently left out the date of Gosford's death, merely stating it occurred a few months previously; and Mullins concluded that, in entering the order in his day-book, he must have somehow or other confounded the date of the letter with that of Gosford's decease. Armed with this precious discovery, I again sought Cunningham, and by dint of promises and threats, at last got the truth out of the rascal. It was this: Chilton, who returned to this country from the Cape, where he had resided for three years previously, about two months

ago, having some business to settle in Dublin, went over there, and one day visited Swords, read the inscription on Charles Gosford's grave-stone, and immediately sought out the gravedigger, and asked him if he had any record of that gentleman's burial. Cunningham said he had, and produced his book, by which it appeared that it took place December 24, 1831. "That cannot be," remarked Chilton, and he referred to the head-stone. Cunningham said he had noticed the mistake a few days after it was erected; but thinking it of no consequence, and never having, that he knew of, seen Mr Mullins since, he had said, and indeed thought, nothing about it. To conclude the story—Chilton ultimately, by payment of ten pounds down, and liberal promises for the future, prevailed upon the gravedigger to lend himself to the infamous device the sight of the grave-stone had suggested to his fertile, unscrupulous brain.'

This was indeed a glorious success, and the firm of Flint and Sharp drank the Countess of Seyton's health that evening with great enthusiasm, and gleefully 'thought of the morrow.'

We found the drawing-room of Seyton House occupied by the Honourable James Kingston, his solicitors the Messrs Jackson, Lady Seyton, and her father and sister, to whom she had at length disclosed the source of her disquietude. The children were leaving the apartment as we entered it, and the grief-dimmed eyes of the countess rested sadly upon her bright-eyed boy as he slowly withdrew with his sisters. That look changed to one of wild surprise as it encountered Mr Flint's shining, good-humoured countenance. I was more composed and reserved than my partner, though feeling as vividly as he did the satisfaction of being able not only to dispel Lady Seyton's anguish, but to extinguish the exultation, and trample on the hopes, of the Honourable James Kingston, a stiff, grave, middle-aged piece of hypocritical propriety, who was surveying from out the corners of his affectedly-unobservant eyes the furniture and decorations of the splendid apartment, and hugging himself with the thought that all that was his! Business was immediately proceeded with. Chilton was called in. He repeated his former story *verbatim*, and with much fluency and confidence. He then placed in the hands of Jackson senior the vouchers signed by Cunningham and Mullins. The transient light faded from Lady Seyton's countenance as she turned despairingly, almost accusingly, towards us.

'What answer have you to make to this gentleman's statement, thus corroborated?' demanded Jackson senior.

'Quite a remarkable one,' replied Mr Flint, as he rang the bell. 'Desire the gentlemen in the library to step up,' he added to the footman who answered the summons. In about three minutes in marched Cunningham and Mullins, followed by two police officers. An irrepressible exclamation of terror escaped Chilton, which was immediately echoed by Mr Flint's direction to the police, as he pointed towards the trembling catfif: 'That is your man: secure him.'

A storm of exclamations, questions, remonstrances, instantly broke forth, and it was several minutes before attention could be obtained for the statements of our two Irish witnesses and the reading of the happily-found letter. The effect of the evidence adduced was decisive, electrical. Lady Seyton, as its full significance flashed upon her, screamed with convulsive joy, and I thought must have fainted from excess of emotion. The Reverend John Hayley returned audible thanks to God in a voice quivering with rapture, and Miss Hayley ran out of the apartment, and presently returned with the children, who were immediately half smothered with their mother's ecstatic kisses. All was for a few minutes bewilderment, joy, rapture! Flint persisted to his dying day that Lady Seyton threw her arms

round his neck. This, however, attracted no attention from the claimant, who, bited on his lackadaisical made a immediate citors. The next convicted years' trial Flint and profit, from terity.

EAD

To take the pious regards to and perhaps for us of the introduction, although their cred proofs of can be n physically it was n than our tion were geograph and belie great m comparat natural h medica w the risin other di the writ same tin instance an anim corroborate interesti specting animals regard t globe, are powers a primeval settler. The fi worthy t land was mented also nam Tradesce history, vegetable. The last Tradesce vance of has only at Kew, tical Sir cants—j but still spect an more so his com birth a l dener. This cou

round his neck, and kissed his bald old forehead. This, however, I cannot personally vouch for, as my attention was engaged at the moment by the adverse claimant, the Honourable James Kingston, who exhibited one of the most irresistibly comic, wo-begone, lackadaisical aspects it is possible to conceive. He made a hurried and most undignified exit, and was immediately followed by the discomfited 'family' solicitors. Chilton was conveyed to a station-house, and the next day was fully committed for trial. He was convicted at the next sessions, and sentenced to seven years' transportation; and the 'celebrated' firm of Flint and Sharp derived considerable lustre, and more profit, from this successful stroke of professional dexterity.

EARLY ENGLISH NATURALISTS.

THE TRADESCANTS—DR ASHMOLE.

To take a retrospective glance at those men who were the pioneers of our advanced state of knowledge as regards the animal kingdom, may be an interesting, and perhaps not altogether an uninteresting amusement for us of the present day. The naturalists and collectors of the olden time—to a few of whom we wish to introduce the reader—were men wise in their generation, although it is customary now to decry them for their credulity. But as they have left behind them full proofs of their zeal, abilities, and industry, and as there can be no doubt that they were formed mentally and physically like ourselves, we may safely conclude that it was not their organs of wonder that were greater than ours, but that their means of obtaining information were less. Taking into consideration the limited geographical extent of commerce, the fables recorded and believed under the *prestige* of the names of the great masters Aristotle and Pliny, the ignorance of comparative anatomy, and the strong bias to mix up natural history with alchemy, astrology, and the materia medica which prevailed in those days, we may suppress the rising sneer at the dragons, griffins, basilisks, and other dire chimeras that we are sure to meet with in the writings of the earlier naturalists. And at the same time we should remember that at least in one instance—the dodo—they, by accurately describing an animal now extinct, and handing down to us its corroboratory head and leg, have given rise to many interesting speculations of our present naturalists respecting not only other comparatively recently extinct animals of which we find the remains, but also with regard to those which, though now denizens of our globe, are yet doomed to disappear before the expanding powers of mankind as certainly as the trees of the primeval forests fall before the axe of the immigrant settler.

The first collection of specimens of natural history worthy to be designated a museum ever made in England was accumulated by John Tradescant, and 'augmented and preserved together' by his son, who was also named John. Their museum, termed in their day Tradescants' Ark, contained not only objects of natural history, but also a general collection of curiosities, with vegetable substances useful in medicine and the arts. The last items show the highly practical turn of the Tradescants' minds, and how much they were in advance of their age. A museum of a similar description has only very lately been founded in the Royal Gardens at Kew, under the auspices of the scientific and practical Sir W. J. Hooker. Little is known of the Tradescants—just enough, perhaps, to excite curiosity in some, but still sufficient to endear their memories to the respect and veneration of the enthusiastic naturalist, the more so if he has a slight tinge of the antiquary in his composition. John Tradescant, the father, was by birth a Fleming or Hollander, and by profession a gardener. Neither the exact period of his first coming to this country nor that of his death is known; but by a

line* on the family tombstone, we are led to believe that he was in the service of Queen Elizabeth as gardener during the latter part of her reign; and from his not being mentioned by Ashmole, who was introduced to the Tradescant family in 1650, we may conclude that he died at a good old age previous to that date. His likeness, engraved by Hollar, represents him as a man advanced in years. He was also for some time in the service of Lord Treasurer Salisbury and of Lord Wootton, and subsequently travelled, collecting plants and curiosities, over the greater part of Europe. In 1620 he sailed in an expedition sent against the Algerines, which gave him an opportunity of collecting in Barbary and on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean. Previous to 1629 he settled at South Lambeth, where he founded his museum and botanic garden. John Tradescant, the son, stimulated by a similar zeal for natural science, sailed to Virginia, from whence he returned with many new plants and other curiosities. During their travels the Tradescants collected an immense number of plants, nearly all of which they introduced to the British Flora; and consequently it has been truly said that 'these able men, by their industry, made it manifest (in the very infancy of botanical science) that there is scarcely any plant extant in the known world that will not, with proper care, thrive in this kingdom.' Undoubtedly the energy and perseverance of the Tradescants is worthy of all commendation. The eastern parts of Europe, where the father collected the most of his new plants, were very difficult of access at that time; and Virginia, where the son collected, was then a howling wilderness, peopled by the cruel and savage tribes of the Red Indian. Many plants were justly distinguished by their names; but the improved classification of Linnaeus rendered these titles obsolete. The great Swedish naturalist, however, gave to a genus of plants—the spiderworts, introduced from Virginia by John the son—the title of *Tradescantia*, as a well-merited token of respect for the memory of these enterprising men.

In 1656, some years after the death of his father, John, the son and 'survivor,' published a catalogue of the contents of his museum and botanic garden, entitled, 'Museum Tradescantianum, or a Collection of Rarities Preserved at South Lambeth, near London, by John Tradescant.' This work is embellished with two prints, respectively representing the father and son—eagerly sought after by collectors, the book being very rare. It opens, according to a prevailing custom of that day, with two anagrams, one in Latin, the other in English, 'On John Tradescant, Deceased,' followed by two more of a similar description, addressed 'To John Tradescant the Younger, surviving.' As a specimen of these anagrams may not be uninteresting to the reader, we subjoin the English one, on John the father:—

* ON JOHN TRADESCANT, DECEASED.

ANAGRAM.

John Tradescant
Had innocent artes.
Can honest art die?
Artes cannot die.

Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts, but those
Which Adam studied ere he did transgress;
The wonders of the creatures, and to dress,
The world's great garden. Sure the sun ne'er rose
Nor couched, but blushed to see thy roof enclose
More dainties than his orb. Can death oppress
Such HONEST ART as this, or make it less?
No: Fame shall still record it, and expose
Industrious care to all eternity.
The body may, and must: ARTES CANNOT DIE.

In his preface Tradescant states, that 'about three years ago (by the persuasion of some friends) I was

* 'Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen.'

John Tradescant, the son, was gardener to Charles I., whose queen, Henrietta, being French, is designated by the lily, as the emblem of that nation; the rose, in like manner, would be applicable to Queen Elizabeth.

resolved to take a catalogue of those rarities and curiosities which my father had sedulously collected, and myself with continued diligence have augmented and hitherto preserved together. They then pressed me with that argument: that the enumeration of these rarities (being more for variety than any one place known in Europe could afford) would be an honour to our nation, and a benefit to such ingenious persons as would become further inquirers into the various modes of nature's admirable works and the curious imitators thereof.

Accordingly, Tradescant, assisted by two friends, began to catalogue his rarities, but met with considerable difficulties, for he says that: 'Presently thereupon my only son dyed, one of my friends fell very sick, and the other into a troublesome lawsuit; and at last, when the catalogue was ready, he had to wait ten months for the plates, Mr Hollar being engaged all that time beforehand; this, as well as the great number of prints from Hollar's burin, shows that he had been well employed.

The most startling things in this catalogue are an egg from Turkey, 'given as a dragon's egg, the beak or head of a griffin, two feathers of the phoenix taylor, and a claw of the rock.' We find likewise a specimen of the now extinct dodo, portions of which are preserved in the museums of London, Oxford, and Paris. The quadrupeds are classified after the manner of Pliny—with toes, without any division of the foot, and with the foot cleft in two parts; and further divided into oviparous and viviparous. There are 'divers sortes of strange fishes,' shell creatures, insects, minerals, and outlandish fruits; the 'playable mazer wood,' which, 'being warmed in water, will work to any form'—doubtless gutta percha! Dr Montgomery, who received the gold medal for first bringing this substance before the Society of Arts in 1843, describes it almost in the very words of Tradescant. Coins, medals, and plants complete the catalogue.

The book concludes with a list of the 'Benefactors' to the museum. Here we find the names of King Charles, Queen Mary, Archbishop Laud, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Wootton, William Carteen, Esq., and a number of others. By the term 'benefactors,' we must not assume that 'Tradescant's Ark' was a mere vulgar show-place, where money was taken at the door, similar to some places now that certainly ought not to be so; but that the benefactors were persons who had contributed curiosities of various kinds to the museum. The first line in the anagram—'Nor courts nor shopcrafts were thine arts'—favours our forming this conclusion. At the same time we have good reason to believe that the Tradescants were engaged in business as nurserymen; for Parkinson, in a work produced in 1629, speaking of fruit-trees, observes that 'the choyssest for goodnesse, and rarest for knowledge, are to be had of my very good friend John Tradescante, who hath wonderfully laboured to obtaine all the rarest fruites he can heare of in any place in Christendome, Turkey, yea, or the whole world.'

Another person, whose connection with Tradescant and his museum renders it necessary, must now be introduced to the reader. Elias Ashmole, born at Lichfield in 1617, of parents in the middle class of life, studied the law, and became a solicitor in the Court of Chancery. He was thrice married. Having acquired a considerable fortune by his second wife, Lady Mainwaring, widow of a Sir John Mainwaring, who had been recorder of Reading, he relinquished his profession, and devoted himself to study. He wrote several works on chemistry and alchemy, and a History of the Order of the Garter. He was appointed to the office of Windsor Herald in 1658, called to the bar in 1660, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Oxford in 1669. His diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, has been well described as his life written by himself, the most minute particulars being carefully recorded. It is difficult for us of the

present day to imagine such a character as Ashmole in his diary shows himself to have been. To the most consummate zeal and energy for the acquisition of useful knowledge, he united all the credulous fancies of the alchemist and astrologer. An assiduous collector of antiquities, regardless of expense, he yet appears all through life to have had a keen eye for what is vulgarly denominated the main chance, and, moreover, to have been of a very litigious disposition. Though he commenced to study the sciences of botany and anatomy, the arts of seal-engraving, casting in sand, and goldsmiths' work, and the Hebrew language at advanced periods of life—the latter in his thirty-fifth year—yet at the same time we find him the dupe of the most barefaced impostors, listening to 'responses' from a familiar spirit in a 'soft voice,' and being 'told in syllables the true matter of the Philosophers' Stone.' Long after he had received his diploma as a physician, he writes thus:—'I took early this morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove away the ague: Deo Gratias.'

It would have been strange if two such men as Tradescant and Ashmole had not become acquainted with each other; and accordingly we find in the diary of the latter the following entries:—

'June 15, 1650.—Myself, my wife, and Dr Wharton went to visit Mr John Tradescant * at South Lambeth. May 28, 1651.—I and my wife tabled together this summer at Mr Tradescant's. Sept. 11, 1652.—Young John Tradescant died.'

This 'young John' was the 'only son' mentioned by John Tradescant, the compiler of the 'Museum Tradescantianum,' in the preface to that work; and consequently grandson of the John Tradescant who is described in the same work as 'deceased.' It is requisite that this should be here stated, for, owing to there having been three Tradescants—father, son, and grandson, each named John—considerable error and confusion has crept into the works of several distinguished writers respecting which were the two Tradescants celebrated as botanists and collectors: many stating erroneously that it was the younger two—a few correctly that it was the elder.

Returning to Ashmole's diary, we find some curious entries:—'Decr. 12, 1659.—Mr Tradescant and his wife told me they had been considering upon whom to bestow their closet of curiosities when they died, and at last had resolved to give it unto me. Decr. 14.—This afternoon they gave their scrivener instructions to draw a deed of gift of the said closet to me. Decr. 16. *Hor. 30 minutes post merid.*—Mr Tradescant and his wife sealed and delivered to me the deed of gift of all his rarities. April 22, 1662.—Mr John Tradescant died. May 30.—This Easter term I preferred a bill in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant for the rarities her husband had settled on me. May 18, 1664.—My cause came to a hearing in Chancery against Mrs Tradescant.'

It is rather startling thus to discover that Ashmole,

* The different modes of spelling a person's name adopted by himself and his contemporaries, is a curious feature of that day. Parkinson writes Tradescant; we also find in the register of burials in Lambeth Church that the name of an individual is entered as servant of John Tradescin; and in Platten's Poems (London, 1692) there are the following lines:—

'Thus John Tradescin starves our weary eyes
By boxing up his new found rarities.'

† Sir J. Hawkins, in his edition of 'Walton's Complete Angler,' in a note to the place where 'Piscator' speaks of John Tradescant, and the 'strange creatures collected' by him, erroneously makes it appear that this 'young John,' the grandson, was the person there referred to. Mr Ellis, in his edition (London, 1815), and Sir Harris Nicholas, in a subsequent edition, copy Sir J. Hawkins's erroneous statement. Mr Johnson, in his 'History of English Gardening' (London, 1829), follows the same authority. We may add, that the first edition of the 'Complete Angler' was published in 1653, a year after 'young John's' death. The burial register of Lambeth Church gives the date of his interment September 15, 1652. Further corroboration is unnecessary, though the four first verses on the family tombstone are decisive.

in little more than a month after the death of his friend, preferred a bill in Chancery against that friend's widow. This, however, as before alluded to, was with Ashmole rather a favourite mode of doing business, for, amongst others, he had proceedings in Chancery with even his own wife and uncle. According to his own entry in the diary, by the deed of gift—for which it does not appear that he gave any consideration—he was not to come into possession of the rarities until after they, Tradescant and his wife, died. Probably on this account the cause fell to the ground, for Ashmole does not again allude to it. He and Mrs Tradescant, it seems, also became upon good terms; for we find that when the great fire of 1666 was devastating London, Ashmole removed several boatloads of books, and other effects, from his chambers in the Temple to Mrs Tradescant's house as a place of safety; and in 1669 he mentions paying her a visit, in company with Mr Rose the king's gardener. In 1674 Ashmole came to reside in Lambeth, taking up his residence in a house which adjoined that of Mrs Tradescant; and three nights afterwards he tells us that—'Oct. 5, 1674.—This night Mrs Tradescant was in danger of being robbed, but most strangely prevented. Nov. 26.—Mrs Tradescant being willing to deliver up the rarities to me, I carried several of them to my house. Dec. 1.—I began to move the rest of the rarities to my house at South Lambeth.'

Whether it was the dread of robbers, the anxiety and expense of law proceedings, or any other motive, which caused Mrs Tradescant to give up the rarities, can now be only a matter of conjecture. She and Ashmole continued to live in adjoining houses, but were on very unneighbourly terms. A curious manuscript, preserved in the Bodleian Collection, contains a 'submission,' made by Mrs Tradescant in 1676, before a justice of peace and witnesses, to the effect that she had 'rashly and unadvisedly spoken false and scandalous words and reports against Ashmole.' One of these reports was—'That Ashmole had made a door out of his garden into my orchard, by which he might come into my house as soon as the breath was out of my body, and take away my goods: that the said Mr Ashmole had forced me to deliver up to him my closet of rarities, and that if I had not done it, he would have cut my throat: that he had robbed me of my closet of rarities, and cheated me out of my estate; whereas, in truth, I pressed him to receive the said rarities; and when he intreated me to keep them, I would not hearken, but forced him to take them away, threatening if he did not, I would throw them into the street; and he having at last consented to receive them, I voluntarily helped to remove some of them myself: that I caused a great heap of earth and rubbish to be laid against his garden-wall; and notwithstanding he admonished me to take it away, I told him it should be there in spite of his teeth.'

We must not judge, but certainly our sympathy is more with the defenceless, childless widow, than with the rich and powerful Ashmole, who had by this time become a man that even 'the king delighted to honour.' It seems to us probable that there was truth in both of Mrs Tradescant's statements—that she was willing to give up the rarities, to escape from the annoyances which had been used to compel her to do so. This unpleasant recital draws to a tragical close. Ashmole, in his diary, coolly informs us that—

'April 4, 1678. *Hor. 30 minutes ante meridiem.*—My wife told me that Mrs Tradescant was found drowned in her pond. She was drowned the day before about noon, as appeared by some circumstances. April 6.—She was buried in a vault in Lambeth Churchyard, where her husband and her son John had been formerly laid. April 22.—I removed the pictures from Mrs Tradescant's house to mine.'

These were most probably the family pictures which Mrs Tradescant retained to the last. Ashmole subsequently sent them, with the other rarities, to Oxford. There were seven in all—representing John Tradescant the elder with fruits, flowers, &c.; the same after

death; the same, a small three-fourth size; his wife, son, and daughter; John the younger in his garden, spade in hand; the same with his wife; the same with his friend Tythespa, with a table and shells before them. The word Tythespa is evidently an anagram: who it means we are unable to decipher. We have not seen these paintings, and therefore cannot speak positively; yet we have reason to suspect that the one described as 'after death' is that from whence the print of John Tradescant 'deceased' was taken by Hollar for the Museum Tradescantianum. Grainger, in his curious biography states that he saw a picture at a gentleman's house in Wiltshire not unlike that of the 'deceased' Tradescant, and the inscription was strictly applicable to him; namely—

'Mortuus hand alio quam quo pater ore quiescit
Quam facile frueris nunc quoque nocte doces.'

These pictures have been—perhaps still are—aburdly described at Oxford as *Sir John Tradescant's!* I scarcely need say that none of the Tradescants was ever knighted.

Immediately after the death of her husband, Mrs Tradescant* had erected a handsome monument over his remains and those of her son and father-in-law, and underneath it she was also interred. This curious tomb is of the altar-form. On the east end of it was carved, in bas-relief, the Tradescant arms—three fleur-de-lis, empaled with a lion passant: on the west, a hydra tearing a human skull: on the south side, ruins of Grecian architecture: and on the north, a crocodile, shells, and Egyptian pyramids. In 1773 a new ledger stone—the old one having been broken—was placed upon the tomb by public subscription; and on this new ledger were cut the following verses, which had been intended for, but by some unknown cause never placed on, the original stone:—

'Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son.
The last died in his spring: the other two
Lived till they had travelled art and nature through,
As by their choice collection may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air:
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change their garden for a paradise.'

Strange to say, these *restorers* omitted the following words, which were on the original stone:—'This monument was erected at the charge of Hester Tradescant, the relict of John Tradescant, late deceased, who was buried on the 25th of April 1662.' Substituting in their stead—

'Erected 1652.

Repaired by Subscription, 1773.'

This tomb is still in good preservation. Though, from the stones on which the bas-reliefs were sculptured being of a soft, calcareous nature, the figures are nearly obliterated; yet the hydra and skull at one end, and the Tradescant arms at the other, can be distinctly traced.

Not quite a year after the death of Mrs Tradescant, Ashmole having obtained a lease, took possession of the house formerly occupied by her and her husband's family, and there he resided until his death. In 1683 he presented the Tradescant collection and his own to the University of Oxford, a building having been erected there for the purpose of containing them. This edifice

* Mr Loudon, in his 'Encyclopedia of Gardening' (London, 1827, p. 1100), erroneously states that this tomb was erected by Mrs Ashmole.

† It is a swan-shaped, web-footed bird, with breasts like a woman, a tail like a serpent's, and several necks and heads, the beaks resembling a culture's. Mr Ducarel, a learned antiquary of the last century, suggests that it represents envy. Might it not be intended for Mr Ashmole and his bill in Chancery?

and collection is termed the Ashmolean Museum, 'the name of Tradescant being unjustly sunk in that of Ashmole.' The latter part of his diary is but a dismal list of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.' We cannot part with him better than quaint old Anthony à Wood does in his memoir of him in the 'Athenæ Oxonienses.' He says, 'And now, having almost brought him to his last stage, I must take leave to tell the reader that he was the greatest virtuoso and curious that ever was known or read of in England before his time. Uxor Solis took up its habitation in his breast, and in his bosom the great God did abundantly store up the treasures of all sorts of wisdom and knowledge. Being accounted famous in the faculty of chemistry, he worthily deserved the title of *Mercuriophilus Anglicus*.'

The site of Tradescant's garden was visited in 1749 by the celebrated Sir W. Watson and another member of the Royal Society,* and though it had for several years lain waste, and the house empty and 'ruined,' there still remained manifest traces of the founder. Many exotic plants were still alive, notwithstanding they had endured the two great frosts of 1729 and 1740. An *Arbutus*, *Aristotchia*, and *Rhamnus*, were particularly conspicuous from the great size they had attained. The property was subsequently purchased from Ashmole's descendants. Tradescant's house, and the house adjoining, where Ashmole lived previous to Mrs Tradescant's death, are still standing; though much altered, and well plastered and combed, the roofs and chimneys betray the antiquity of these buildings: they are both inhabited. Tradescant's house is now the residence of a wealthy London brewer: it is degraded by a paltry appellation, derived most probably from the peculiar form of its chimneys, while the name of Tradescant, which would have shed a lustre on the building, is in that district almost totally unknown.

Farewell, brave and worthy Tradescants, sire and son! In our boyhood we chanced to read of you; since then, your innocent occupations have been our pleasing pursuits. With all the knowledge that later times hath given to us, we are yet much more ignorant than ye now are. The grand arcanum is now laid open to you. A greater secret than that which friend Ashmole sought—that Philosophers' Stone concerning which no doubt ye oftentimes quaintly twitted him. Albeit unworthy, to me it has been a labour of love to collect and set down whatsoever I could find concerning your doings while on this earth. May we yet meet, not as in a glass of musty records, darkly, but in the glorious sunshine of eternal life!

A TWELVEMONTH IN CALCUTTA.

THE HOT SEASON—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH—THE BUNGALOW—LIFE IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—STRIKE OF THE COOLIES.

April 29th.—The heat is now very oppressive—thermometer at 90 degrees in our rooms all day. Having been ill, I probably feel more exhausted by the airless warmth around me, from which there is no escaping, than I should have done had I not parted with some of the strength that might have better enabled me to resist it. Mr Black's sick partner has decided on taking a country-house near Barrackpool for the remainder of the hot weather, which he wishes to be able to go to at once, on returning from the Sandheads; and having heard of one he thinks very likely to suit him, Helen, who was deputed to look at it, wished me to accompany her, as a change I should benefit by. It was an exertion to listen to her proposal, a greater exertion to decide upon it; and this being done for me, the greatest exertion of all was to get up and dress for the early drive, all which indisposition was said to prove great relaxation of the system, and the necessity therefore of a counteracting influence. We were oppressed with breathlessness while passing through the town, the gar-

den-houses, and the paddy-fields, but once in the long avenue, we revived. Some of these trees are large and fine, appearing to be at home in the soil, but as we went on, the greater part seemed to be growing up unkindly. All sorts were planted, and left to take their chance, and some have not suited their situation; yet on failing, have not been replaced. Owing to a mistake in the directions given to the coachman, who had gone on half-way the night before with a pair of extra horses, we took a wrong turn, and after travelling a mile over a very rugged road, we found ourselves at a fine public ghaut at the river-side, used as a bathing-place. Numbers of women were returning from their morning ablutions: close by was a small temple, with a crowd of half-naked men about it—priests, we supposed, from their assured looks and a little silver collar they wore. Near this was a beggar squatted on the ground, holding out his hand, demanding rather than intreating charity. It was all so amusing, that we did not regret our lost time, and as we drove back to the turn, we had rice-fields to admire, the young green shoots just sprouting, and a style of ploughing to observe described in the 'Georgics.' The plough had upright handles, which the man who held them seemed to pull down, that the share might throw up the earth before it, spade fashion, time not being valuable, nor fresh soil sought after. We passed also a pretty green pasture-field, in which some of the small cattle of the country were grazing: they were about the size of the largest of our fallow-deer. We had some further trouble before finding out 'the Grove.' Had the owner given his villa an Indian name, the familiar sound would have reached all ears. Of 'the Grove' they made sad bungling; and the plague we had in making our object out indisposed us, I think, to it. Helen very soon decided that it would not suit the firm. We gave it a fair trial, for we spent the day there—a hot day—having brought our tiffin with us, and our books and work. I took a long sleep for once, and gladly heard, on awakening, that the carriage was ready to take us back to Chowringhee. The drive home in the cool of the evening was pleasant after the choking heat of the day.

30th.—At six o'clock this morning expired one of the burra sahibs of Calcutta, an excellent man, with whom Edward and Caroline had dined a few days ago. How rapid here is the progress of disease! How little power does this relaxing climate leave the human frame to struggle against it! In this instance the disease itself—cholera—had been subdued: the attack was slight, and had been taken in time; but there was not sufficient stamina to stand the shock to a naturally delicate constitution. It was always said the patient was consumptive; more likely to live here than at home, provided no accident supervened, but not capable of lingering should such a calamity occur. Certainly the suddenness with which people disappear from their place in this society—a society so constituted, that every individual composing it is well known—makes one shrink from the familiarity with death that is thus forced upon us. We may have sat next at dinner, or talked on the Course with a person to-day whom we hear of as ill to-morrow, dead next day, buried in a few hours. If he recover, we have lost him all the same: he must go home, or to the Straits, or to the Cape, to recover: no one ever recovers here. That constant falling sick and getting well again, so common in England, never happens here, though, as I have mentioned, the amount of deaths in comparison to the population is not greater in the East than in London. I really believe there is less illness, because people take fright, and send for the doctor at once, and he is thus generally able to prevent more mischief, unless a cure be impossible. The thermometer was at 86 degrees this evening, which I attribute to a damp fog sending up a steam that affected me as I was once affected in your conservatory on

* Philosophical Transactions, 1740.

entering it one hot July night, just after the plants had been watered. The house is more bearable just now than the outward air: it is always kept closely shut up till the sun is down; but our drive was so oppressive, I cannot think it wise to persevere at this season in what are really misallied airings. It is the hot weather: to last till the rains, for a month or more yet. The melancholy event of this day set us all talking of the consequent changes; and from one thing to another we got upon the bar and its prospects. The highest income that can at present be made at the Calcutta bar is L.7000 per annum. I understand one lawyer makes this; but it requires his combination of advantages to insure it—talents, industry, good health, and long-standing. Who can look forward to such a position? We humbly look for half this good fortune by and by, and must exercise our patience in the meanwhile.

May 7th.—Very hot: too much dispirited by the languor thus produced to occupy myself in any way. Writing I find unpleasant; no visiting is going forward; we lounge away our mornings with a book, which we can't always exert ourselves to read; and we try to recruit our frames by a drive on a cooler evening than common. Once or twice I have taken my airing on a sofa near the window, and found it answer. Eating is essential at this time: we can all eat, and drink too, iced beer, or wine and water—nice light French claret, very much perfumed, I call it, though they laugh at me. The offices of the gentlemen in town are very oppressive they tell us. I have been revived to-day by a storm. Rain is just now our greatest luxury; and we had plenty, with some thunder and lightning, early this morning. I actually walked afterwards in the compound; but, truth to say, I am hardly up to moving much; even raising the head or the hands is too fatiguing. I never have recovered that fever!

11th.—Think what we have done—a large party of us: taken a country-house fifteen miles off! And here we are established regularly and comfortably at 'the Hive' at Tittighur. Arthur, having a few days of leisure, is with us, so that there is no drawback to the pleasure of the change. All from our house set out this morning at half after five: we went a new way through the Cossitollah, where most of the tradespeople live. It was crowded at that early hour with busy-looking passengers, exhibiting among them a variety of colour such as it is surely unusual to see at once together. Some Arabs were almost fair, tall, and well dressed, and proud in their bearing. There were Chinese, with their very peculiar eyes, and two long locks of plaited hair falling from their heads behind, and trailing on, or certainly touching, the ground, and curious sleeves to their shapeless robes, and pointed turned-up slippers; besides the ordinary mixture of Mussulmans and Hindoos of all shades and castes—some well clothed, some all but naked. Numbers were still sleeping in the thatched porches outside their huts, often without a mat beneath them; while others slumbered peacefully under a mosquito-frame.

Fresh horses were ready for us at Cox's Bungalow, ten miles on; and after five more, we reached our pretty residence about half after seven. I like the place very much indeed. The house is on an admirable plan for this climate—all on one floor, but that floor is raised a good way above the ground, having a sort of half-sunk storey below, which does for offices. The rooms are in a suite, and of good size—two of them are indeed very large. A veranda of some width runs all round, the corners of which are partitioned off as bath-rooms. The thermometer is as high here as at Chowringhee, but the air feels much cooler; perhaps from its freer circulation, and the nearness to the river. We use *tatties* too (coarse blinds made of a kind of grass matted into a frame of bamboo placed outside the window), through which the hot wind blows, cooled in its passage by evaporation—these *tatties* being kept

constantly wet: two men are for ever flinging water over them—the simplest way the operation could be done. So here is my theory of the conservatory waterings directly contradicted! Some delicate persons object to the tatty, as hurtful to the chest, fancying the damp air causes rheumatism, or coughs, or ague; it gave us nothing but good spirits. We laughed more this one day than any of us have done for a month; and in the evening, some of us riding, and some of us driving, we went down a shady lane into the park at Barrackpore, and found it where we entered like a dear old bit of English scenery, just fit for gipsies to encamp in. The thatched huts of the natives are quite as picturesque as any tents, and the wild, dark-skinned urchins rolling about on the ground near them filled up the grouping quite correctly. The children here are interesting, lively little creatures, far too animated to degenerate into such tame characters as the men and women they grow up into, without some cause at work beyond climate. One or two of these monkeys called out to us in English 'Good-evening!' and laughed at their own fun as heartily as we did. The river Hoogly is at this part extremely beautiful, making a fine bold sweep of some extent. The opposite bank is pretty, the factory at Serampore, belonging to the Danes, figuring among trees at a little distance; but it is all too flat. The park at Barrackpore has been in some degree rescued from this monotonous level, and an undulating surface, such as nature often exhibits, has here been effected by art. The trees are of many varieties, fine of their kind, and well-disposed: riding under their shade on the green turf by the banks of the river in the pleasant cool of the evening, I asked myself over and over again whether this were India? And I must let you into a secret about this riding. I was riding on a little pony sent to me for trial by a friend—the singing lady—as the fittest exercise for one who cannot get on without some, and has failed in attempts to walk at this season.

The governor-general's house is by no means worthy of such a park and pleasure-ground: it is not at all a fine building outside, though said to be commodious enough within. There are some persons living in it: I did not hear who they were. The burra sahib himself is on a progress up the country. After dinner, not the least tired, we strolled out again.

12th.—I have not had such a refreshing sleep for weeks. The air must be cooler here. My room is quite protected from the sun too. I was able to enjoy an hour in the veranda before dressing, and we can occupy ourselves comfortably all the morning behind the *tatties*. This evening I tried my tattoo or pony again, taking another pleasant ride, with a canter on the turf in the park. After dinner we mounted to the roof of the house; a very inviting place on a fine moonlight night, with the cool evening air blowing round it, the noble river at our feet, and overhead such a sky!—so pure, so clear, so brilliant! Wonderfully beautiful are the stars of the eastern sky. The constellations are fuller, the stars of first magnitude more numerous, and their brightness far more vivid than we have been accustomed to witness in the denser atmosphere of the north. But it was off the Cape that the full beauty of the heavens shone on the 'night at sea.' We northerners have no true idea of the splendour of the constellations of the southern hemisphere. I hope you will get the 'map of the sky' I made for you on the voyage. I sent it you with the chart of our daily progress, as I think I must have mentioned in one of my letters to George. I marked down every star as it rose upon our horizon, and after the noontide anxiety was over, the observation taken, I used to long for night, to read the skies again—a good way, I assure you, to beguile the tedium of the sea.

13th.—There is something very soothing in this country life. Arthur and I went out—he to walk, and I to

ride—this morning very early, and we talked of home—its fields, and lanes, and woodlands; and agreed that, in order to live to return to them, we must get ourselves horses, and ride. We sauntered by the banks of the river, much amused by the variety of country boats working their way up to Calcutta against the stream, at about the same rate as we were moving—going to market we supposed. And we passed loads of the natives fast asleep under the trees, lying on a mat with a sheet over them. Many were bathing—standing up to their waists in the river, dashing the water with a little brass pot over their heads and shoulders. It is a pity that those of them who wear clothes should not give them an occasional purification, for after all the careful washing of their bodies, on goes the old dirty drapery, redolent of cocoa-nut oil in all its impurity. Here and there was a Mussulman kneeling on his mat, and saying his prayers with his face to the rising sun, every now and then touching the earth with his forehead. What an appetite we had for breakfast! I am sure I should have died had we stayed near Calcutta. In the evening we rode again—a goodly company—slowly out, but quick enough home, for a storm had nearly overtaken us—one that would in two minutes have wetted us to the skin. Our very horses seemed to scent the coming mischief, and started off in a quick canter, which brought us safely in before the dark cloud burst. The rain poured down as if a fountain were playing on the air. We had barely time to make all close, the bearers running to every door and window, before the full sweep of the tempest came rattling round. The thunder was very grand: as usual, one loud clap sharper than all the rest. The atmosphere was quite chilly afterwards. We were glad to keep all the doors of the dining-hall closed, though it is an inner room, the very centre of the house, round which all the others are built; and if lighted, it would have to be lighted from the roof. Darkness is so agreeable here, that it is considered quite sufficient to let in merely as much light as the doors from the outer apartments admit through them. We strolled in the veranda after tea, admiring the lightning, which continued for some time to shoot along the sky in zig-zags, long after both thunder and rain had ceased.

14th.—Walked my pony, with the syce at hand of course, to the ghaut, where lay the little boat which is to take poor Arthur with the tide back to the glare, and the dust, and the heat, and the toil of Calcutta. I declare, if I had known what an Indian barrister's life was to be, I would have voted for a few acres of ground in Ireland or Australia, kept the keys, made the butter—ay, even ironed the clothes—rather than undergo what we have come to. The hot season is depressing beyond any notion you in your temperate climate can form of it. The effects on both mind and body are really most dejecting. But I am out of sorts this morning.

15th.—I was the better of a ride last night with Helen, Mr Black, and the sick partner, across the country, over an open down, reminding me of what? and on, through a little village where they manufacture bamboos, into a wild and pretty lane leading to another plain near the river, in which stands a factory for printing cotton, belonging to Mr Cockerell. It looked like a villa residence—not the least like its Manchester relations. We turned our horses here, and went back to join the carriage on a sheltered spot in the park at Barrackpoor, near the Hoogly, where a good military band was playing. A large party was gathered to listen to it, and when, before we left, lamps were placed beside each desk, the effect was quite a surprise to me. Music near the water always sounds well, and lights glimmering through trees upon a moving crowd always show well; so we stayed late, looking and listening, and the long trumpets filled my ears all the way back to the Hive. Edward arrived to dinner. He told me that as yet

Arthur had mercifully escaped the cholera! and that he would be out on Saturday to stay till Monday morning.

17th.—I have got through many books in my pleasant solitary hours here. We brought a good supply with us, for all the new publications come out regularly. There are good libraries in Calcutta, and almost every one has, besides, a private stock, freely lent in all directions.

In the afternoon an incident occurred. The two Coolies who were to serve the tatties, and the one bheestie, who was to serve the Coolies, all struck for higher pay. They saw we had no spare servants, as we had left those we could do without behind in our respective houses, to take care of the furniture and to manage our bazaar, most of our supplies having to be sent out to Tittyghur from Calcutta. There were, besides, the gentlemen to be waited on, the sahibs only getting out to the Hive occasionally. We have therefore no consomme here, but we mean now to write for one, to keep these inferior gentry in order. For the present, to terrify evil-doers, Cary, who is the burra madam, will dismiss the agitators. The pay is indeed but small; however, the work is light, and does not occupy the whole day, and it is the usual hire, with which hitherto they have been contented.

'TACTICS FOR THE TIMES.'

SUCH is the name given to a work by Mr Jelling C. Symons, in reference to the condition and treatment of what are called the 'Dangerous Classes.' We cannot say that the author has been particularly happy in the elucidation of his subject, nor do we see that the title he has adopted is borne out by any distinctly-recognised or practical system of criminal management. The bulk of the volume is, in fact, only a *résumé* of certain Blue-Book statistics, and as such is not without value to the student of social progress. The condition and increase of the criminal classes—in plain terms, the reasons for there being any criminals at all—are circumstances very much beyond the sphere of statistics. The subject is more of a philosophical than statistical nature. A course of deep and unprejudiced reflection on the aspects of society is what alone can throw some glimmerings of light on the great and perplexing question which the statistics of crime present for consideration.

The root of the matter may of course be said to lie in the imperfections of human nature. True as a fundamental proposition; but it is our duty to investigate secondary as well as primary causes, and, if possible, to adopt all practicable means of amelioration. The serious fact revealed by statistics is this:—Crime is increasing in Great Britain in a ratio greater than is warranted by the increase of population. During the last six years crime has increased 12 per cent., while the population has increased only about 7 per cent. Theft is the species of crime in which the increase has been greatest. The most deplorable fact of all is, that the proportion of female criminals is steadily on the increase; as if female demoralisation were one of the marked features of the age. 'In 1847, in the whole of England and Wales, the female criminals bore the following proportion to the male criminals in each of the six classes of offence respectively:—Of offences against the person, the proportion of females to males was 14.2 per cent.; of offences against property with violence, the proportion was 8.7 per cent.; of offences against property without violence, the proportion was 28.9 per cent.; of malicious offences against property, it was 11.4 per cent.; of other offences, the proportion was 16.4 per cent. Thus in these aggregate classes of crime women participate the most largely in common thefts. This would be naturally expected. It would hardly be credited that of all the specific crimes comprised in these general classes, with two exceptions, that in which women have the most largely participated

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in proportion to men is murder. Out of seventy-two persons committed for this offence no less than thirty-nine were females. They constitute nearly one-quarter of those committed for attempts to murder. In the class of thefts they form nearly a third of the whole number of receivers of stolen goods—a body who are justly regarded by the law as worse offenders than mere thieves. So true is it that the extremes of vice as well as virtue co-exist in the female character. In the great revolution of France, and again, in that of 1848, the most inhuman atrocities were perpetrated by women. In England there can be little doubt that the criminal mind is quite as strong in women as in men. The lesser number of female offences arises, it is to be feared, chiefly from their lesser power rather than their better disposition. This view derives confirmation from the fact, that wherever women are much employed in masculine pursuits, which tend to increase their power and opportunities of committing offences, the proportion of female to male offenders increases.

The great preponderance of offences of all sorts takes place among criminals between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, such being the season when the passions are strongest, and vice rifest. Mr Symons has collected a vast variety of facts as to the relation borne by locality and occupation to crime; and by way of illustration he presents a number of coloured diagrams, which seem to us more curious than useful. He shows by figures that in the mining district there is the least, and in the metropolitan the most crime. The mining, silk, and agricultural districts are indicated as being below the average; and the cotton, iron, and metropolitan are above the average of crime. We are inclined to think that there lurks some source of fallacy in these and some other details offered by the philanthropic writer before us; and indeed for this belief there is more than suspicion. The agency for detecting and punishing crime is not the same everywhere: in one district the police are numerous and vigilant; in another their force is feeble and desultory. We hear much of the comparative exemption from crime in the rural districts of the country. But in such places there is little temptation to theft, and, besides, not the tenth part of the offences committed in these places is ever brought under magisterial notice; and that for two reasons—first, because the investigation would give trouble; and second, because the party complaining would be a marked man. A clergyman in a rural district tells us that his garden is robbed regularly every year of all its fruit; yet he makes no complaint, for he would only incur popular odium. In a city with a sharp police, if such a crime took place, it would be followed by prompt detection and punishment. A farmer tells us that he often loses poultry by theft; but, he adds, 'What good would it do me to report such losses? I should live in constant war with neighbours by doing so.' And so there is the marvel of rural innocence pretty well accounted for. If it be allowed, however, that the rural districts are on the whole less criminally disposed than the metropolis, and other places of dense population, it may be shrewdly guessed that the difference is ascribable to the absence of opportunity. A youth, however much prone to err, cannot well steal a field, or a tree, or a horse, or a coal-pit, or a steam-engine; but place him amidst crowded streets, with on every side dazzling shop-windows, and thousands of pockets well plenished with purses and handkerchiefs, to disturb his virtue—and we shall see how soon he falls into transgression. Another element tending to the utter confusion of statistics, is the different aspect in which crimes are viewed. For stealing a turnip, a boy will be sent by one magistrate to prison for a day or two, and by another he will be sent before the assizes, and probably transported. If treated summarily, the case never makes its appearance in criminal returns; if treated

more gravely, it goes to swell a body of statistics. Mr Symons admits the impropriety of this uncertain and capricious mode of dealing with crime:—

'Nothing can exceed the caprice with which sentences are passed, or the wild inconsistency with which they are dealt by different judges. Many of the proceedings in courts are such as would scarcely be credited were they reported verbatim. I shall confine the very few remarks I shall make under this branch of my subject to the verdicts given and the sentences pronounced. A few simple facts will suffice. Two boys were tried the same day at one of our sessions courts last year: the first, aged about sixteen, for obtaining goods under false pretences. He pleaded guilty. Now there can be no doubt that however the law may distinguish between the two offences, that of fraud is one bespeaking far more moral turpitude than that of simple theft: to the dishonesty of the thief must be added the knavery of the liar. It is *per se* a moral offence of much deeper turpitude. The lad in this case happened to have had the advantage of respectable birth and a passable education. One of the magistrates interested himself in his behalf, and whispered to the chairman, who passed sentence nearly as follows:—"I am deeply pained, very deeply pained [*emotion*] to see a youth, the son of respectable parents, who has had the inestimable blessing of a pious and watchful nurture from his cradle upwards [*faltering voice*], falling, alas! into the vortex of vice. It is, indeed, a duty—a most distressing duty, I may say—to me to be thus compelled [*sobbing*] to add another wound to the afflicted hearts of your poor unhappy parents, by consigning you to a humiliating punishment, which I earnestly hope and pray may have the effect of rescuing you from a further aberration from the paths of virtue and respectability. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be imprisoned without hard labour in the common jail [*fresh sobs*] of this city for the space of three weeks!" The other case was that of a poor half-starved and half-clothed lad, younger than the other, who could neither read nor write. He was convicted of picking pockets in a fair. Chairman: "I perceive very clearly indeed that you are a very bad, hardened fellow; I say I perceive that very clearly, for it has not escaped me [*looking very wise*] that you were found with no less than three pocket-handkerchiefs upon you! This convinces me that the present is not your first offence. The sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported to such place beyond the seas as her Majesty, &c. may appoint, for the term of ten years." Now, every reason given in the first case for a short sentence was a strong ground for a heavy one: the greater the enlightenment, the more unpardonable the guilt. Every fact in the latter case was in favour of lenience: the three handkerchiefs were probably all stolen at the same or nearly the same time, and constituted morally but one offence, with the same pitiable plea of hunger as a palliation. The first was a case for severity, the second for compassion—the treatment they received precisely the reverse. I have seen a woman transported by one judge for ten years for the same offence that I have seen a man let off with two months' imprisonment by another judge. It is a common occurrence, when two courts are sitting, for prisoner's counsel, in a bad case, to manoeuvre to get the trial in one court instead of the other, because it will make all the difference whether his client is transported or not. These things have a bad effect on the public mind, as well as on the prisoners themselves. Justice is less a matter of principle than a lottery, and so it must be while the law allows so much discretion to a body of men many of whom have so little of it to exercise. A prisoner, for instance, who is convicted of having stolen an apple, after a previous conviction of having stolen a pear, is liable to be imprisoned for a day, or transported for life, at the option of the chairman of a quarter sessions!'

The corrupting influence of prisons, and the vast demoralisation caused by intemperance, likewise the mischievous working of the poor-laws, are duly dwelt upon by our author; and he concludes with some useful remarks on the want of a better system of general education, and other means of public enlightenment. On government he very properly throws the duty of providing for what is desirable in these respects. Yet he clogs his observations on this point with some remarks that might as well have been spared. Referring to the growing eagerness with which government has been besought to promote education on an extended basis, he adds, 'The working portion of the people themselves are partially alive to their own interest in the matter as well as those above them, and have made, and will make, great sacrifices to obtain education. The rich have been appealed to times out of number, with all the fervour and effect which Christian piety and popular necessities can lend to the urgency of the claim upon their benevolence: there has been no sufficient response.' We feel astonished at the groundlessness of these statements. In the matter of improved elementary education, it is notorious that the working-classes, though the very party to be chiefly benefited, have scarcely made the slightest movement. Occupying their minds with speculative questions bearing but remotely on their welfare, they have left the battle of improved national education to be fought by a section of the middle classes—those whom Mr Symonds cruelly reproaches with having made 'no sufficient response.' So far from the rich having been appealed to in vain, they have taxed themselves in the most incredible sums to promote beneficiary objects of every kind; so much so, that charities supported by voluntary contribution form one of the most remarkable features of British society.

The philosophy of crime remains to be expounded, and we should be glad to see it treated at the length that so important a subject deserves. Here we may only refer to a single particular that would require investigation—Is the increase of crime traceable in any way to the progress of society, as it is at present constituted? In other words, is it a necessary consequence of our existing and prospective condition? The unprejudiced elucidation of this elementary point is of the highest importance. Hitherto certain principles in human society have been taken for granted. For example, individual independence—perfect freedom—is usually considered to be the most valued possession. But as we see myriads of who cannot take care of themselves—who habitually neglect to make any provision for the future—who recklessly turn their children adrift on the public—who, from mental imperfection, or some other cause, cannot keep pace, and therefore cannot compete, with their more highly-gifted, or at least more persevering neighbours—who, being so incompetent, or at all events so unfortunate, fail to be supported through the agency of publicly-levied rates, or by means furtively acquired—the serious question may be propounded, whether individual freedom is really and in every point of view the blessing that it is supposed to be? We would not for an instant entertain the idea of limiting personal liberty, but the consideration that somewhere about £10,000,000 per annum are taken from the public pocket to support paupers and repress or punish criminals in Great Britain, necessarily induces one to think that society, in throwing on every one the duty of self-responsibility, has not hitherto adopted the means, if it has the power, to make each member of the community able to understand and act upon his duty. Therein lies the proximate cause of crime—a cause wholly unappreciable by statistics. Year after year measures are adopted to patch up, not thoroughly mend the system. At one time it is an improved poor-law; at another a better form of police or of prison discipline. At this moment the legislature

is invoked to establish and support Industrial Schools; in other words, the public are called on to act in *loco parentis* towards the thousands of unhappy children who are ruthlessly sent into the streets to steal or starve. It seems clear that, according to present arrangements, vast masses either will not or cannot support themselves on principles of honest independence. If this proceeds from want of will, society takes no proper means of compulsion; if from want of ability, it fails to give an efficient instruction. What we would insist on is this: Society, in imposing on every man the duty of self-government and self-dependence, is bound to see that all are, and ever will be, fit for this onerous condition; failing in this particular, it must be prepared to take the consequences—an excruciating pressure of police, prison, and poor-rates, and a not less severe expenditure of feelings. We are, however, going beyond the reasonable bounds of a critique, and must leave the exposition of the subject to those who are inclined to argue it out on a broad and comprehensive scale. Only one word may be added—How humiliating the reflection that civilisation the most refined should not have advanced a step towards the extinction of either pauperism or crime: after all that has been done and attempted, there are the dangerous classes more numerous and as clamant as ever! History is said to be a series of reactions. How curious would it be if society, tortured with slothful or predatory improvidents, were, step by step, to work itself round to something like the mastership and serfdom of the middle ages. And in one respect it has almost arrived at such an issue, for what is the inspector of the poor but a feudal baron acting for the public? and what are paupers and convicted criminals but a species of slaves—men who ungrudgingly sell their birthright for a paltry mess of pottage? Since a notion of this kind cannot possibly be entertained, how much on the score even of safety are we bound to promote such enlarged measures of education as would make tolerably sure that every one, so far as his faculties permitted, should grow up an instructed and independent-minded being.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

A REGATTA ON THE DEE.

AMONG the amusements of the people, few are more harmless, or less likely to be abused, than regattas. About a boat-race there is as much excitement as about a horse-race, while there is neither the same cruelty nor reckless defiance of danger as are inseparable from a steeple-chase. The competitors are usually men who gain in manly strength and vigour by pulling an oar: few, if any, make the sport a profession like 'horse jockeys'; and whether amateurs, fishermen, or boatmen, the struggle for a prize, and the preparatory practice, are decidedly beneficial. The accessories of a regatta are healthy and attractive. If the weather be good, nothing can be more agreeable than to wander through a pleasant meadow on the shores of a sparkling river whose breast is covered with boats bearing living happy freights, the oars casting up water to gleam in the sunshine, while many-coloured flags wave gaily in the breeze. Bands of music enliven the air both on water and on land; and when tired with walking, a tent, pitched under the shadow of a tree, affords an agreeable retreat. It is true that some people will come who ought to stay at home; that others will eat and drink more than is good for them; that bets will be made, as they are made every day about anything; and that the presence of the police is usually necessary. But where is there a gathering of the people of any country of which the same things may not be said? One or two pockets may be picked; some people may be led home drunk; some may lose money by unfortunate speculations; and others may appear in the police

court next morning; but if regattas are to be objected to because of these things, we must also object to railway stations, lord-mayors' dinners, speculating in railway shares or in corn, and to the keeping of many of those time-honoured festivals that, like Christmas, 'come but once a year.' Some grave old folks who have been 'wild' in their youth (your old saint has usually been a young sinner), shake their wise heads, and speak of the 'bad company to be met with at such places,' just as if bad company could be met *only* there, and as if every inhabitant of this earth did not lie down to sleep every night in the midst of an untold and unknown mass of sin and sorrow. But how much good company is met? Here is the laughing boy let loose from school but for a holiday; the pale-faced clerk emancipated from his desk for a day; the tradesman who has left his counter; the student who has left his books; the servant-girl with Master John and Miss Fanny; the nurse with the baby; and whole tribes of wondering and merry strangers brought by special trains, not, certainly, from the ends of the earth, but from the ends (*termini*, is the polite name) of all the railways of the district. Good company indeed! Why, it is the best of company: sometimes there are peers and peeresses; often members of parliament; and if these are absent, why, then, there are aldermen and town-councillors, who will (as happened in Liverpool not long ago) rather let a council meeting be without a quorum than forego such sports. So true is the remark made once every year by a worthy newspaper editor in the north of England, 'There is, after all, a dash of the savage even in the most civilised men.'

The river Dee at Chester has long been a favourite scene for the display of skill in 'pulling an oar.' It is indeed a pretty and an attractive river. At Chester it is only about a hundred yards broad, and though vessels of considerable burthen come up close to the fine old city walls, yet the river is not navigable for them above a bridge at the termination of one of the principal streets. The prospect from this bridge is delightful. On the west towers the castle, where sentries have kept watch almost without intermission since the days of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror; beyond the castle, in a meadow by the river-side, is the race-course, and near it is a bridge that carries the iron rails across the Dee that connect London with Holyhead; to the east the river winds through a well-cultivated country, though each link of the Dee is not 'worth a king's ransom,' like the links of Forth; the sloping sides of the north bank are covered with pretty villas, well-cultivated gardens, and avenues of venerable trees, while above all appear the old spires of churches, the walls of the city, and quaint old-fashioned-looking houses. At any time the view up the river is pleasing, but on the occasion of a regatta it is extremely lively and interesting. The water is then covered with scores of boats of all descriptions. Here are half-a-dozen small, square, ungainly-looking boats, called 'coracles,' similar to those used by the ancient Britons, and still employed as ferry-barges on this same river. They are made of a kind of wicker-work, over which hides or tarpaulin are drawn; they can seat only one person, and are moved by the action of an oar used perpendicularly in front. They are so light as to be easily carried; and as I saw some of them drawn up on the river bank, they were so like their representations in old drawings, that I should scarcely have been surprised to see an ancient Briton, painted blue, appear and carry one off on his back. Curious, indeed, was it to think that though we are now using leviathan steamboats to cross the Atlantic ferry, yet in crossing this Cambrian Dee we use the same kind of boats as the natives did two thousand years ago.

'I always said,' exclaimed my worthy friend the editor, 'that a dash of the savage remained even in the most civilised men; and look among that crowd of boats, and you will not only see a coracle of the ancient Briton, but a long canoe of the modern South Sea Islander;

and see, it contains one man, a Cestrian, as the Chester people call themselves, who with his paddle—another dash of the savage—is propelling the light canoe at a speed that will cause it to beat any boat on the river.'

The remark was quite correct; the canoe in question was a genuine production of uncivilised man, and had been hollowed out of a single log of wood in some far island of the sea. It skimmed the water like a feather, overtaking and passing many of the heavy and clumsy, but useful fishing-boats, with which the river was crowded. Then there were pleasure-barges, gaudily painted, with high bow and stern, and a roof in the centre, reminding one of the gondolas of Venice, the originator and namer of regattas. They were full of merry people: one in particular was freighted with the band belonging to the Blue-Coat School; and as I looked, the boys were playing 'Rule Britannia,' while the oars kept time to the tune. But one of the barges had undergone a strange mutation; it had been fitted up with a funnel, from which clouds of steam were issuing, and near the helm could be seen an Archimedean screw. Whether the screw was propelled by machinery or by clock-work, I could not make out, but certainly this miniature *Great Britain* 'walked the waters like a thing of life,' making—like all little imitations of the great—much more commotion with her screw than many a larger vessel. On a piece of rising ground a tent was pitched, a band of music stationed, and the committee of management assembled. From this a line stretched across the river, having suspended a bright collection of flags, some of which swept down to the surface of the water. A little lower down, a boat, also decorated with flags, was moored, containing the starter and the umpire; and round this a number of skiffs, entered as competitors, were collected; many of their crews attired in boating costume. Crowds of well-dressed, orderly people lined both banks of the river, and refreshment tents were pitched here and there in pleasant places. The weather was delightful; the sun was not so strong as to make the water dazzling to the eye, and a breeze, just sufficient to stir the flags, was felt.

'I wonder if the river looked anything like this a thousand years ago,' said my friend the editor.

'Of course it did not. What makes you ask?' I said.

'Only because old Camden the historian tells us that all that time ago there was a magnificent regatta on this same river, at this very place, and that the Saxon king of Mercia, of which Chester formed a part, appeared in a beautiful barge, rowed by the kings of Scotland, Cumberland, and Man, and several Welsh princes, to the great joy, says the historian, of all the spectators. Many things have doubtless changed since then, but the substratum of that regatta and of this is the same. The river follows the same course, these Welsh hills look down on us as they looked down on the Saxon king, and the assembled spectators, though their dress and modes of living and thinking might to a great extent differ from ours, yet they were "men of like passions with ourselves." You know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it requires very little stretch of imagination to detect in the scene before us, both in its elements, and to some extent in its outward show, pictures of life in the first, the ninth, and the nineteenth centuries, and in England, Venice, and the South Sea Islands.'

'Well, it is a great advantage,' said I, 'to have such a vivid imagination; for my part I believe what I see, and I see that preparations are making for a race.'

According to the 'kerect card' sold by flying stationers on the ground, there were to be eight races, for prizes amounting altogether to about fifty guineas; one was for youths under eighteen years of age, two for mechanics, two for gentlemen amateurs, one for fishermen, one for 'fishermen's pair-oared boats, to be rowed by women,' and one for coracles. The course was to a certain point up the river, and back, a distance of about

two miles; but for the coracles and others the distance was much shorter. The important race was for the Dee stakes—a trial of strength between the mechanics of Chester and Manchester, the latter having lately been victorious on the Tyne; and the amusing race was that with the coracles. Two long, slim, four-oared boats took up their position opposite the starter; a bell was rung to clear the course, and at a signal, off started the boats of the rival cities, each propelled by four oars. The interest excited was great: all eyes followed the quickly-moving boats, watched them at the critical turn, where bad steering would be fatal; and as they came round a bend of the river, there was a shout of delight when it was seen that the Chester boat was in advance; and the applause grew greater as it came nearer, shot past the committee's ground, and a gun fired from the umpire's boat, and the hoisting of the oars of the Chester crew, proclaimed that the race was won—that the mechanics of the Dee had beaten those of the Irwell; not, said the defeated party, because they were stronger or more skilful, but because they had the better boat. The coracle race was most amusing. Nine started: each man held his oar by the middle, the blade immersed in the water, and the handle resting on the right shoulder—motion being produced by circular sweeps, so that the advance was in anything but a straight line. There seemed to be more skill and cool judgment required in this race than in any of the others; for though all the men seemed pretty equally matched for strength, yet it was soon evident they were not so as regarded skill. Some fell sadly behind, and the others advanced very unequally. It was a most ludicrous sight to witness nine men, seated in things little larger than a washing-tub, working assiduously with one oar, propelling their coracles in a zig-zag direction, at the rate of about three miles an hour. 'The yellow oar has it!' 'No; the blue oar will be the winner!' 'Well done, yellow oar!' were some of the exclamations of the crowd, until, after a tough contest, 'the yellow oar' gained the prize.

The other races were less interesting, and about five o'clock the people began to move homewards. Many on the south bank preferred crossing the river in boats to making the circuit necessary to reach the bridge, and the boatmen reaped an abundant harvest of pence. The universal cry rising from the water-side was, 'Now, then, who's for over?' And I and my friend the editor crossed 'over,' thinking that we and all assembled had spent a really pleasant and innocent day at the 'regatta on the Dee.'

BERLIN SAND-BOYS.

A lad of eighteen, and one about three years younger, are in possession of a machine made of four boards, nailed together, which has just as good a right to be reckoned among carts as some certain German contrivances have to be called constitutions. Before this vehicle there plods along slowly, with sunken head and projecting bones, a venerable horse, which has been bought in the market for the sum of two-and-two-pence. The appearance of the owners harmonises well with that of these their animate and inanimate possessions. The sand-boy is lightly attired—that is to say, without coat or boots; but he has a coloured waistcoat—a very coloured one, for it was several coloured waistcoats before it became one: its history, therefore, is the reverse of that of our German fatherland. The waistcoat is almost wholly unbuttoned, and leaves fully displayed a shirt, which perhaps has no very obvious claims to public notice; and the sand-boy also wears what we must call trousers, possibly to prevent the aforesaid shirt from fluttering in the wind, for I have not been able to perceive any other purpose that they answer. If, however, any fair lady should see anything objectionable in them, I must remind her that it is by no means improbable that the sand-boy might, on similar grounds, remonstrate against her costume at the evening party last night. In the early morning, then, the two young commercial gentlemen (the firm of Fritz and Co.) are seated in their equipage, and are taking their accustomed way through the Halle Gate to the Kreuzberg; but as soon as they have the town behind

them, they take out two very short pipes, fill them with tobacco, and begin to smoke. The odour emitted by the weed might be thought peculiar, but it cannot be otherwise than agreeable, for it is the produce of their native soil. It burns brightly, however, and sends out into the summer air blue clouds, upon which the smokers are soon borne into the sphere of the ideal.—*Popular Life in Berlin.*

O U G H.

We, sailing to review fair England's clough,¹ ou
With rapid motion dash the waters through, ou
And in our buoyant bark the seas we plough; ou
Now down we go, and sink within the trough, auf
And now we ride on lofty crests, as though o
To emulate the lightsome, graceful chough; uff
Each mast was pliant as a living bough, ou
Withstanding firm the blast, when strong, and rough, uff
Yet bending to the breeze's gentlest sough.² uff
The hardy sailors could devour a hough³ auf
Of horse, nor quarrel though the meat were tough: uff
Whate'er the fare, they'd neither choke nor cough, auf
Nor in their drink were they e'er known to hiccough. up
Salt beef was freely served with liberal clough;⁴ auf
Hard biscuits also, and great lumps of dough;⁵ o
The water, though, was like a fetid sough,⁶ ou
Which, truly, would be scorned of any sough,⁷ ock
Who would prefer, by far, a miry slough.⁸ ou
Joyful we were to reach our port or borough; o
To cast aside our threadbare, sea-worn slough;⁹ uff
To spend at home a mirthful three years' furlough; o
To visit once again with joy most thorough o
Each verdant dale, and hill, each brook, and lough;¹⁰ ock
And through our merry isle to dance, and laugh, aff
Recount old tales, and drink good usquebaugh. au

EXPLANATIONS OF SOUNDS.

ou sounds as in sound or house.			
oo	coo or woo.
auf	daub or paul.
o	go or no.
uff	buff or cuff.
ock	cock or dock.
aff	after or gaff.

OF MEANINGS.

- 1 Clough (clou), a cliff.
 - 2 Sough (auff), a slight puff of wind.
 - 3 Hough (hauff), the joint of the hind-leg.
 - 4 Clough (clau), an extra allowance over the full weight.
 - 5 Dough (doi), puddings are called by sailors 'lumps of dough,' which is also facetiously pronounced 'duff.'
 - 6 Sough (sou), a subterranean drain.
 - 7 Sough (shock), a kind of shaggy-haired dog.
 - 8 Slough (slou), a miry place or pool.
 - 9 Slough (sluff), a cast-off skin or coat.
 - 10 Lough (lock), a large inland piece of water—a lake.
- To some of these words, pronounced as ending in / and ck, the Scots give the guttural sound of ch.

SAUSAGE POISON.

German sausages are formed of blood, brains, liver, bacon, milk, flour, and bread, thrust with salt and spice into a bladder or intestine, then boiled, and finally smoked. When this last drying process is not efficiently performed, the sausages ferment; they grow soft, and slightly pale in the middle; and in this state they occasion in the bodies of those who eat them a series of remarkable changes, followed by death. The blood and the muscles of a sausage-poisoned man gradually waste; as also do all the other organs and tissues susceptible of putrefaction. The patient suffers a horrible sensation of drying up; his saliva becomes viscous; his frame shrinks to the condition of a mummy; he then dies; and his corpse, which is stiff, as if frozen, contains only fat, tendons, bones, and a few other substances incapable of putrefying in the ordinary conditions of the body.—*Quarterly Review.*

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